



Apothekan



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PROF. A. TAUB







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EDITORS

**ALVIN COHEN, BERNARD MARGOLIS,
AND HAROLD WEBMAN**

BUSINESS MANAGER

GEORGE GUTTERMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY

HAROLD BANNER



Columbia University



**A
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N**

College of Pharmacy

1943



Not until we were seniors, did we really appreciate Dean Ballard. Acting as teacher, adviser, friend and "father protector" all at once was indeed trying, but we are proud to state that he was never found lacking in any capacity.

To the Graduating Class:

While the salutation from the Dean for this annual volume is ordinarily directed to the members of the graduating class, the uncertainties of the times warrants a departure from this custom.

The Class of 1943 has wisely recognized these uncertainties by enlarging the scope of this yearbook so that it may include all students now in residence. Thus it is not only a record of '43 but may of necessity serve as a record for those of later classes who may face a postponement of their studies by reason of a call to service.

We can now realize that although '43 is not the first class to go forth since our country entered the conflict, it is the first class to feel the mounting pressure of war demands. Fortunately with but one exception the accelerated class is intact and I sincerely hope that the same may be true of those completing in June.

Both sections of this class have forced a radical change in the tempo of their education and a sudden disruption of the customary study programs. They have shown an ability to rapidly adjust themselves to the new order and this experience should give them confidence in meeting the unpredictable which lies ahead.

It is more than likely that the majority will be called upon to join the armed forces shortly after graduation and indeed a fair number are already enlisted as reservists. They will probably be assigned to medical unit service which may or may not be within the scope of pharmacy as we understand it. But no matter where and how you may be called upon to serve, I urge you to conduct yourselves that pharmacy's claim to recognition may be strengthened and the respect that attaches to a Columbia degree may be maintained. Your predecessors in service have done so with advantage to themselves and credit to the College. At the present time I am proud to record one major, four captains, ten lieutenants and one ensign among our 120 graduates in service. I hope that similar opportunities will be yours.

What the future holds for the lower classes in opportunities for completing their studies must await official statements of policy by governmental bodies. Certainly any decisions permitting continuance will be predicated on the ability of the student to maintain satisfactory scholarship. You like thousands of other Americans are working against time and in furtherance of the war effort.

A final word to the Class of '43 and to those who enter service before graduation. I have frequently referred to the fact that the students and graduates are a part of the College even though they may not realize the tie until some unusual condition arises. Ample justification for this statement exists today in that great numbers of the graduates require records and recommendations for various purposes. We have regained contact with them but the contact need never have been lost.

It is my sincere hope that you will keep alive the associations of the past few years both with each other and with the College of which you are truly a part.

CHARLES W. BALLARD
Dean



FRANK POKORNY



LEWIS NATHAN BROWN



SAMUEL LIBERMAN



EDWARD ANZELMI



ABRAHAM TAUB



JOSEPH MIALE



FRANCHON HART



HARRY TAUB



DEAN BALLARD



CURT P. WIMMER



Together We Fight



Reprinted by Courtesy of Abbott Laboratories

F
A
C
U
L
T
Y



Curt P. Wimmer, Ph.G.,
Phar.D., A.M., Ph.M.
Chairman

Pharmacy

Professor Brown, I don't think this vertically split emulsion is typical of our boys' work; and as for these gooey suppositories—oohey!

With an impressive list of ten syllable Greek names, we were formally launched into the throes and woes of our majestic profession. Professor Wimmer sincerely attempted to teach us a bit of ancient history, the purpose being to provide us with "cultural background," and we really appreciated his attempts. (Surely *no* pharmacist could possibly survive without the knowledge that Claudius Galenus of Pergamum and Pedecious Dioscorides Phocas prominently influenced the advancement of pharmacy.)

As if we didn't have enough Math to plague us, Pharmaceutical Arithmetic was injected into our program. Mr. Amsterdam (bless his little heart) very patiently explained all the intricacies of a type of problem—even worked out several examples. Lo and behold—came the exam—every problem was an exception; each had a catch to it, and usually even the catch had a catch.

Professor Carter did yeoman-like work in getting us accustomed to pharmaceutical manipulations. After a thorough, as yet, practical course in U.S.P. and N.F. preparations, we took Manufacturing Pharmacy, where we learned the common methods of extraction, i.e., percolation, maceration, etc., on a small scale. As an extra added attraction, we were all assigned a topic and gave a talk on it before the class. (The idea was to get us used to public speaking, as well as to do a little research.) As expected, some delivered excellent speeches while others merely delivered.

In our Junior year we were given our first taste of Dispensing Pharmacy. Every type of preparation that smelled to high heaven, that was hard to clean, especially hard to make, or that had some other peculiar characteristic attached to it was thrown at us. (Some of our results appeared as though they were thrown right back.) It was in dispensing pharmacy that we learned to our edification that a potent irritant must be



Prof. C. P. Wimmer, Dr. L. N. Brown, Mr. J. P. Miale

kept off the counter, that pills, believe it or not, are meant to be dissolved in the system and that they can not possibly exert their full therapeutic effect unless they are perfectly round.

In our spare moments, when we couldn't sleep Tuesday mornings, we went in to hear Dr. Lascoff give a subject, someone dug out of a hole, called Economics. Amazing course, that eco; interesting too—something good to know when you run dry of conversation with the little woman. Merchandising, which followed, provided us with enlightening information. (When we need money or advice, we know whom to turn to for the advice.) Friday afternoons, with Dr. Lascoff again, we took Medical Appliances—not too bad. (We did get free atomizers which we sold.)

Rounding out our pharmacy program was Pharmaceutical Latin, a one hour a week course that provided us with more work and aggravation than all other pharmacy subjects. Mr. Miale did his best with the little time he had but, Bless Bess, what a mess!—and the less said, the better.

In Professor Wimmer's fourth year all inclusive Survey course, we were literally smothered with the U.S.P. and N.F. After memorizing everything from cover to cover, we had an intensive review of all four years, including definitions galore. It was really an all out offensive to drive some pharmacy into us; some gains were temporary, while others, advancing a sizeable portion of territory, remained permanent. For example, who could ever forget that oil and water do not mix, or that the number "two" means there are *two* pints in a quart.

In Jurisprudence, with Professor Wimmer again, we were taught the whys and wherefores of the law, or how to keep out of trouble in ten easy lessons.

Dispensing Pharmacy was more or less of a repeat prescription with the dose increased. The old routine with incompatibilities added was followed, and judging from some of the midyear marks, the increased experience didn't further our knowledge to any appreciable extent.



Mr. H. J. Amsterdam, Prof. F. D. Lascoff, Prof. H. M. Carter

SENSEAC

Now with this funnel-shaped entrance, we increased our Gross Profit to 1021% for the month.



Charles W. Ballard, Ph.Ch.,
Phar.D., A.M., Ph.D.
Chairman

Biological

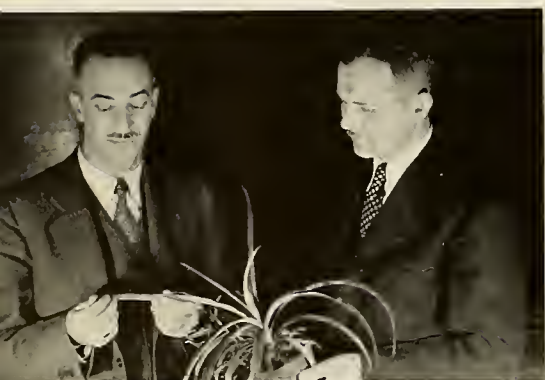
"Now when the leaves from the sycamore trees in the churchyard across the way begin to appear—when you see those mushy, caterpillar-like structures lying on the ground in Central Park—when the sap begins to flow from the maple..." etc., etc.

No, we're not announcing the arrival of spring or giving a dissertation on botany (God forbid!), but we are leading the grand entrance of our own Frank Pokorny.

It was in our sophomore year we first met "Frank" and a happy meeting it was, too. Of course, some of us did exceed our cuts by an insignificant ten or so, but could we help it if all our grandmothers happened to get sick at the same time each week?

After tearing apart a few hundred leaves and drugs in botany, we really went to town in Zoology. Everything from worms to cats were thrown at us, and butchers that we were, we dissected them with such vim and vigor, that Doc Halsey (whose voice is normal, by the way—honest—we asked him) began to get worried.

Professor, by careful cross-breeding and intensive cultivation, I think I finally have gotten the substitute for the Stink Weed.



Prof. H. Taub, Mr. F. Pokorny

After you get through there, Doc, can I get a haircut and shave please?



Dr. B. Blumberg, Prof. F. Hart

Sciences

From cats we progressed to humans, the only exception being Doc Redden insisted that we couldn't cut up anyone. Physiology reminds us of the engineer who asked his pretty lass, "If I start at a given point on a given figure and travel the entire distance around it, what will I get?" To which she hastily replied, "Slapped, sir!" We did learn things though. For instance, did you know that the temperature of the fourth spring, in back of the fourth mountain under the Red Cross Unit in Yellowstone Park rose 10 degrees when Doctor Redden arrived. (Or was it 20 degrees?)

After we were taught what was in a person, we found out a few of the things that go wrong with him in Bacteriology with Professor Hart and Doc Blumberg; it was a darned interesting course. But, honestly fellows, what kind of organism is a "blank?"

Materia Medica with ever amiable Dean Ballard probably held us responsible for more factual knowledge than any ten courses combined. Hence, it was no surprise to find a little arithmetic hashed in with pharmacy, physiology, bacteriology and botany, not to mention materia medica, on exams. Thank the Lord the Dean is an understanding person and a great fellow. (How can we fail?)

And last, but by no means least, came our side-splitting mentor, Professor Harry Taub, a little late as usual, but this time he had a good excuse. He was taking a blood count of a blonde at 3 A.M. the night before and forgot to stop counting. The only text we needed was Jakie's Joke book. We had notes handed down from past generations so we just sat back and enjoyed his stories and gags. We were supplied with more entertainment than you could get from a condensation of every Broadway comedy in the last twenty-five years (that's going some, isn't it? Let's just say the past fifteen years.) Our only regret is that we had him for only one course in our entire four years. Could we have used him in our Sophomore year!

So after perusing a pleasant three years with members of this department we come to the unanimous conclusion that they're a grand staff.

Now somewhere under all this mess, there must be a match. Did you hide it?



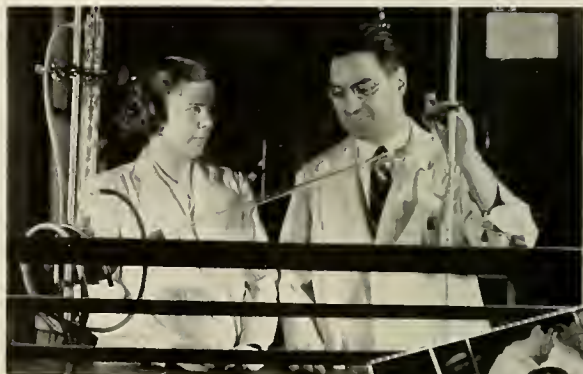
Dr. R. Halsey



Andrew W. Thomas, A.M.,
Ph.D.
Chairman

*If there's an explosion, it is definitely
a mistake—or a Grossly faulty ap-
paratus set-up.*

Chemistry



Dr. and Mrs. A. DiSomma

*Shall we use the milligrams of graphite
per square inch of test paper for the
work; or shall we take the differen-
tial of the log of the cube root of the
number of pages written?*



Mr. E. Anzelmi

When the class came, wide eyed and curious, into its first chemistry class, most of us were realizing the cherished ambition of a lifetime. Here we saw Science. Here we were following in the footsteps of Lavoisier, Scheele and others. Here we first smelled Hydrogen Sulfide.

It was shortly thereafter—that is shortly after a few minor explosions, that we realized that there was something more to chemistry than just mixing ingredients and curiously watching the results. Mr. Anzelmi warned us, but after all, could we help it if we were inquisitive?

Our ingenuity took on new meaning the following term. Mr. Liberman wholeheartedly agreed with us; that is, that chemistry was a bit beyond us. Mr. Liberman tried, give him credit for that—but the boys insisted on stirring the solutions with their pencils and getting lead precipitates. The only man who was really laboratory conscious

ROSENBERG

—he shall herein be nameless—was so appreciated that he was kept for several encores.

Then came the Great Awakening. With the course in Quantitative Analysis, we slowly realized that scales were more than machines which dropped out cards with fortunes on them. Now we were taught the "proper" use of the micro-balance. We learned that when the weights, carefully calibrated according to a notebook handed down since 1935, were dropped on the floor, they must be picked up with the eye brow tweezers reserved for that purpose. We learned that the little platinum whatchamacallit on that black thingamajig costs about three bucks (or rather the guy next to us learned it—the hard way). We learned that if you averaged all the results in the class, you couldn't get worse than a C. It was in this class that we learned most, Q.E.D.

Then came Organic with Dr. Di Somma and, remote from arithmetic and calculations (except those copied from Rand), we settled down to a life of peace and quiet, disturbed, now and then, by Gross' periodic eruptions, both chemical and psychological, and by tests. All in all, a period of refreshing rest.

This was followed by Prof. Taub's course. Here we applied our knowledge of statistics to such an extent that our results were amazingly uniform and Silbergleit had to mark us on the basis of "Microgram deviation from the mean." Another rest period.

So, after all that, we sit down to evaluate our Chemistry Department. We come to the amazing conclusion that through osmosis, telepathy, or some other phenomenon, we know some chemistry. The problem now is—is it because of or in spite of the department? Votes, Ladies and Gentlemen?



Mr. S. Liberman, Prof. A. Taub, Mr. A. Silbergleit

So you see, gentlemen, it is statistically impossible for the entire Senior Class to get the same quantitative result to the fourth place—on three different samples. But they did!



Abraham Taub, Ph.G.,
Ph.Ch., B.S., M.A.
Associate Professor



Fine

As one can plainly see, the log of the integral of the gerundive of "Shtickshtoff gefunden" is a relic of the feudal system and a zubindung from the Lake Poets of the second half of the Cosine Law.



Mr. R. H. Luthin, Mr. J. L. Harlan, Mr. A. H. Ingenhuetz, Mr. H. Levi

The College of Pharmacy is probably the only school in the world where the English, German, Math, History, and Physics instructors are lumped (thrown?) into one Department. Well! There's nothing like a little English or Math to break up the time between Chem and Pharmacy lectures. And there's nothing like a C.C. lecture to break up the freshmen class into many sections—those taking the course seriously (a limited and very select group); those taking the course somnifaciently; those taking the course in the Men's lounge; and those taking it only when a Hedy Lamarr picture isn't playing within 20 miles of West 68th Street. Don't get us wrong. We loved every minute we were there, Mr. Luthin.

During our Freshman year, we had one unfailing assignment every night—Mathematics. Luckily, however, the answers were in the back of the book—so we learned our math backwards, so to speak. What we can't understand is how Dr. Levi got his Doctorate, kept order in the class, and corrected the homework and frequent exams—all at the same time. A real genius. Dr. Fialkow is carrying on the great tradition, since Dr. Levi left for war work.

The year we entered school, Mr. Boner resigned himself to the fact that he would have to teach us Grammar and Exposition come Hell and High Water. It came, but we learnt. Orchids to a brilliant and inspiring man who was just as bored with the conjugation of "to be" as we were, but he stuck manfully to his guns. Mr. Harlan has stepped into his boots and, judging from the reduced rate of illiteracy here, is succeeding too.

Arts

German was the subject that came just before Prof. Farwell's lectures—fortunately for our Physics homework. We shall always remember German as the hour during which we solved the most abstruse physical problems that Farwell could think up. Mr. Ingenhuett tried valiantly to stem the rising tide, but we were too busy watching that Physics distribution curve go up, and German as a major scientific language go down.

There are three things we remember about Physics 1 and 2. Prof. Farwell was the lecturer, Ralph was his assistant, and the classes were held in Pupin. The rest is vague, just as vague as Webster, Farwell, Drew, and the class were on sundry points in General Physics. Long may there be a "68th Street crowd" to carry the proud traditions of Pharmacy to the still prouder Campus.



Prof. Farwell



Mr. Boner

Administration

It has always been the custom, in the yearbook, to give about one quarter of the space usually devoted to a department to "Administration" and, with this necessarily curt survey, dismiss it from mind and book. This is traceable, no doubt, to the memory of those unpleasant moments when the Bursar indelicately insisted on payment of some of the \$900 owed.

After all, no other department can boast of a Miss Kerker, our registrar, who is the feminine personification of a true Southern gentleman—sans mint juleps—only more so, and she's efficient too; or of a Miss Pritchard, the bursar, who actually extracted money from our student



Eleanor Kerker



Jane M. Pritchard



*Fay Rosenblatt,
Jo La Barbera*



*Providenza Mogavero
(Nancy)*

body (—and Moses thought he was good, getting water from a rock—poof!!).

What department isn't jealous of Administration for having, in its personnel, Miss Providenza Mogavero who hides behind the nom de guerre, as it were, of Nancy and who so aptly personifies "Infinite wisdom (riches?) in a little room"—(and we don't mean the library!)?

And, to cap the triumph, Administration has the Misses Josephine LaBarbera and Fay Rosenblatt who are so efficient that they do their work and quench the lovelight in the eyes of countless students at the same time.

Oh!! If we only had other departments with such a personnel—what joy school would be.



L. ROSENBERG

Class Officers



President

George Gutterman

Vice-President

Moses Philip Kesselman

Secretary

Olga Pittaro

S. C. Representatives

Harold Webman

Leonard S. Cooper

Every year the classes in solemn conclave elect a group of men and women from among themselves to lead them in their activities for the coming year. The last two administrations had actual work, since during this time the Student Activities Fee had been in effect. Among those who served in various capacities were Berny Starkman and Hy Pomerantz, president and vice-president respectively of the class in the Freshmen Year, Lenny Cooper and Moe Kesselman during the Sophomore Year.

In the Junior Year the erstwhile, superduper politician George Gutterman took



SENIORS

over the reins. Al Cohen was vice-president and Stan Siegel served on the Student Council. Among their successful efforts were the Junior Prom, a gala affair held at the Coconut Grove, and a Class Picnic at Clove Lake.

As Seniors the class reelected the ever-smiling George. His aides were Harold Webman and Lenny Cooper who served on the Council. Moe Kesselman came back as the perennial vice-president. Their efforts together with those of Charley Kaufman brought about the never-to-be-forgotten Senior Prom.

Our class officers have for the most part made for a more cooperative and active four years. They may point to many bright endeavors, and a general feeling of comradeship among our group.



NATHAN GEORGE ALBERSTAT

A.Z.O., Camera Club

Whippet, Bomber, Torpedo

One of the horror boys. Pilot fish to the class whale, and frequent visitor to the Master's salt mines—better known as Mr. Liberman's lab. He passed Pharmacy Eco by always carrying Prof. Lascoff's comb. Pharmacist by profession, but Furrier and Son of a Furrier—naturally.



HAROLD BANNER

Photography Editor Apothecan, Chancellor Rho Pi Phi, Camera Club, Basketball

Banana

Junior Horror boy. Reamed spinach his favorite dish. Our poet laureate (see Brenner) and despite that shy appearance, the class Casanova. Ah Ruby! Ah Phyllis! Ah! His position-to-be in the army may be in doubt, but to us he is morally a Marine and physically a Yard-Bird.



Nathan G. Alberstat
Harold Banner
Irving Boxer



Evelyn Brenner

IRVING BOXER

Apothecan Staff

The Monster, Hulk, Bulk, etc. ad Infinitum

The original horror boy. His motto is, "If it's made, I've got a substitute." 254 pounds of mass titrator. Despite his glasses, he is quite far-seeing and can read his own notes, no matter how condensed. The man who got 100 in Micro-Pharmacognosy—without using his microscope.

EVELYN BRENNER

Favorite pastime—reading Physical Culture magazines. A poet's inspiration (see Banner). She's littered our corridors with broken hearts and our hides with marks of her caustic humor.

JAMES BUGNO

Bunnyo, Goocher

Theme song: There'll be twelve dozen Bunnyo's. Scranton's gift to womankind (before marriage, of course). The only living American with a vertical hair comb—a la Kreml. His son seems to have inherited it.

ALVIN COHEN

Apothecan 3, Editor 4; Redox 2, Editor 4; Pharma-Col 2, Managing Editor 3; Treasurer 2, Vice-President 3; D.S.T., J.G.S.; A.Ph.A., 3, Secretary 4; Chairman Defense Council, Metropolitan Intercollegiate Defense Representative 3, 4; War Relief Representative

Ralph Ingersoll in miniature; constantly working on something new, always out to scoop the opposition.



James Bugno



Alvin Cohen



LEWIS CORBIN

B.S., U. of Oklahoma

Okie, Tonkawanka Lou, John

The Benzedrine kid. One of the nicest fellows C.U.C.P. has ever had the good fortune of having.



LEONARD SIDNEY COOPER

Student Council 3, President 4; Class President 2; D.S.T.; Apothecan Staff, Pharmacol, Basketball, Redox 2

Worry Bug

Convinced that he failed every exam, and usually comes up with better marks than most people. Dean's competitor for Starched Collar Award. Believes in motto, "Speech is silver, Silence is Gold."



Lewis Corbin
Leonard S. Cooper
Emil Ducker



Wallace Wm. Gold

EMIL DUCKER

*Apothekan Staff, Camera Club
The Polish Legion*

A strict believer in the 36-hour day, Dr. Wimmer's nemesis—he writes his exam in Polish. Although with us but a short time, he became more than part of us. His philosophic humor and expansive knowledge combine to make him a true pharmacist.

WALLACE WILLIAM GOLD

*Pres. Camera Club, D.S.T.
Little Boy*

Better watch out, Wally, or that chain smoking will stunt your growth. Despite those famous class questions, he has a mind—which he zealously devotes to the improvement of the ancient art of kibitzing.

HERBERT GOLDENRING

*Apothekan Staff, Redox 4
The Rod, Five O'Clock Shadow*

The man with the vacuous sense of humor. HAH. Huh? His prescription for life is taking physics day and night.

LAWRENCE L. GORIN

President A.Ph.A., A.Z.O., Redox 4
The man of many syllables but few words. An extreme example of student isolationism. Dr. Redden's man Friday—and the only man who really took him seriously and enjoyed those rapid cross-continental trips.



Herbert Goldenring



Lawrence L. Gorin



GEORGE SAMUEL GROSS

Apothecan Staff, Redox 2, 4; Rho Pi Phi, Camera Club, Class Historian

Gulose, Ghoul, Ghost

He with the seven tuxedos, six cameras, and the dancing foot. C.U.C.P.'s air raid siren. A haberdasher's nightmare, why barbers join the union and why our photographer doubled the price. Toxicologically speaking, he goes Apomorphine one better.



GEORGE GUTTERMAN

Business Manager Apothecan, Student Council 2, 3, 4; Class President 3, 4

Efficient, to the "nth" degree. Led the class through two of its toughest seasons.



George Samuel Gross
George Gutterman
Leon Joselow



Charles Kaufman

LEON JOSELOW

*B.S., C.C.N.Y. '40, Redox 4
The Limcy, Dr. Joselow*

Oxford in the Bronx. His encyclopedic knowledge is only exceeded by his knowledge of that knowledge. Can give dissertations, with drawings, on everything from soup to nuts. What a man!

CHARLES KAUFMAN

*B.S., C.C.N.Y. '40, Chairman Senior Prom
Committee
Charlie*

He's married, he works, he's quiet, he's clever, and he's totally unoffensive. An all around admirable character.

WARREN J. KALMANOR

*Apothecan Staff, Redox 4, Rho Pi Phi,
Camera Club*

Red, Kalmanoor, Bright Boy

The walking checkerboard—our own zoot suit boy. Blackballed by the Horror Boys, he got into Rho Pi Phi (by wearing down their resistance).

MOSES PHILLIP KESSELMAN

*Class Vice-President 2, 4
Moseph, Moo, Moc*

The Rod's chief competitor as the "Five O'Clock Shadow King." He's some kind of class officer—but don't ask us what kind. Has the school's best score on the candy machine (3 for a nickel).



Warren J. Kalmanor



Moses P. Kesselman



WARREN H. KLEIN

Pharmacy Week Display '41, '42

Stretch, The Beanpole

The skeleton with skin on it. Fat to him is only a chemical formula. Warren displayed a good deal of artistic talent in passing Latin. Won first prize for his display in '41, and probably will repeat for his '42.



SAMUEL JACK KRATZER

Pharmacy Week Display '42

Der Krotzer

Sam! Sam! The laboratory man—he who made the pants too long. Our more manly Casanova and the great exponent of Terpsichorean versatility—from Boogie Woogie to Samba without dislocating a hip. Our class display man's chief stooge and thumbtack holder.



Warren H. Klein
Samuel J. Kratzer
Allen Lapidus



Bernard I. Margolis

ALLEN LAPIDUS

The Lappa, Lahpcedus

Ah! Mr. Liberman. Nuff said. Yah! Yah! We didn't even mention —. One of the class glamour boys, and he's frustrated in his one great (in fact, huge) amour. A versatile linguistic marvel. His teeth are his own; they're paid for.

BERNARD I. MARGOLIS

*B.S., C.C.N.Y., '40, Editor of Apothecan '43
Bimbo, Margy*

He eats like a bird—a vulture. The Dean's third supplement to the U.S.P. He can tell you the number of hairs on the back of Rand's head, he's been just behind him so long.

MIRIAM MEYER

Belgium's recent contribution to our class. We can say little about her, but she obviously has her good points. Her cute French accent has Schwimmer hanging on every—word. Her smile's her fortune, and how it glitters.

HAROLD PINKOF

*Apothecan Staff, Redox 2, Camera Club
Grizzly, The Mad Russian*

The last of the horror boys—Thank God! Walgreen's mainstay and chief spiffaroo. He eats his lunch alone; he's afraid that one of his many friends will slip some arsenic into his food.



Miriam Meyer



Harold Pinkof



OLGA PITTARO

Class Officer, Dante Circle, A.Ph.A.

With the passing years our lack of finesse has probably reached abominable proportions, and her finer sensibilities have taken an awful beating. A tribute to a game kid.



SEYMOUR RABINOWITZ

A.Ph.A., Basketball

The Rabbi, Kid Pneumococcus, Rumboogie

An admirer of many red heads (feminine, of course)—possessor of few. (?) Future proprietor of Rabinowitz's Strictly Ethical and High Class Pharmacy.



Olga Pittaro
Seymour Rabinowitz
Leon Rand



Harry Rothman

LEON RAND

B.S., C.C.N.Y. '39, Seabury Scholarship, Squibb Award, Dohme Award, A.Ph.A.

"A" Man

For lo! Ben Leon's name led all the rest (with apologies to Abou ben Adhem). Despite the lack of width of his shoulders, he's carried quite a few students on them during the past four years.

HARRY ROTHMAN

Apothecan Staff, Rho Pi Phi

Australian M.D., The Original Mcathead, MaHa

The man who cleans Dr. Halsey's tools; Dr. Wimmer's Confucius (you know what his mother said), and our least conscious humorist. He reversed the ancient adage to "Monkey does as Monkey sees." (Refer to Rand.) Rabid, in fact frothing.

ABRAHAM SCHWIMMER

B.S., C.C.N.Y. '34, Camera Club, D.S.T. Pop, Schwimmy

A proud papa, a devoted husband and our leading "ex-routé." Our compact edition of Arabian Nights.

JASPER SHAPIRO

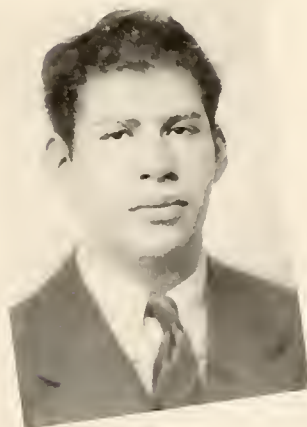
A.Ph.A., Class Numerals (Fencing)

J'espaire

Swell fellow. Nice guy. A veritable genius. Really Tops. (Paid Ad.)



Abraham Schwimmer



Jasper Shapiro

STANLEY SIEGAL

Student Council, D.S.T.

The man whose famous last words will doubtless be, "It is better to have bluffed and failed, then never to have tried at all." Scientifically speaking, his absences from school are directly correlated to the change in program at the Paramount.



IRVING SIMON

Alcohol Boy

Redox 4

From the "Land of Silent People" comes our silver tongued orator. Oh well, actions speak louder than words.



Stanley Siegal
Irving Simon
Daniel Sobel



Bernard Star

DANIEL SOBEL

Dapper Dan, Ferula Sumbul

The Terror of the Borscht Belt. Rather than face his Jovian fury at adverse criticism, we simply state that he is the essence of purity, the bane of veniality, and the soul of truthfulness; we fear no contradiction, from him.

BERNARD STAR

Wooden Indian

Our candidate for the man who doesn't know his own strength. Wait, girls, till Bernie learns how to flex his muscles. Potential T.N.T.

ROGER LOUIS VELTRI

D.S.T., Camera Club

Fell-two, Speedy

Honest to a degree—of insanity. Dr. Wimmer's pet; he hands in calligraphic masterpieces. He set up a tent in Chem Lab to finish his experiments and is now engaged in writing up his thesis "Elbow Grease as a Cleansing Agent."

CARMINE V. VETRANO

President Dante Circle, A.Ph.A.,

The Bronx Express, Mister Five by Five

Genial "mine host" of the Bronx commuter, but let's not judge his merit by the condition of his tires. P.S. They have stood up so far.



Roger Louis Veltri



Carmine V. Vetrano



HAROLD WEBMAN

Editor Apothecan, Medal Italian Pharm. Association, Student Council, Pharmacol Stereotype

It takes more than we have to adequately characterize him. A great friend, an ardent worker and a darned good scholar.

SYLVIA BELL WELCH

*President Lambda Kappa Sigma
Kid Adeps, Clostridium Welchii*

150 pounds of glamour. Owns a husband and three fur coats.



ROY YALE

Silent Sam

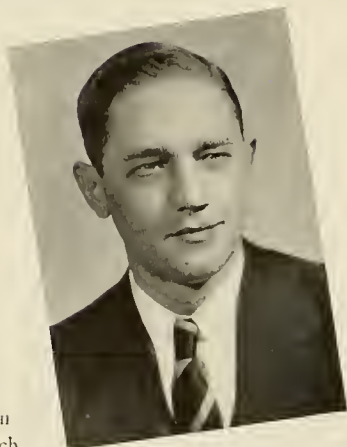
The most talkative member of the class—three words a day, "Present, Here and Absent."

SAM ZWEIG

A.Z.O.

Ziggy, the Mad Musician, Professor

The most conscientious man in the class. He has been working hard for four years, shrugging aside such minor considerations as classes, on a thesis "The Idiosyncrasies of the Parti-Colored Pasteboards." The barber's union hates the guy.

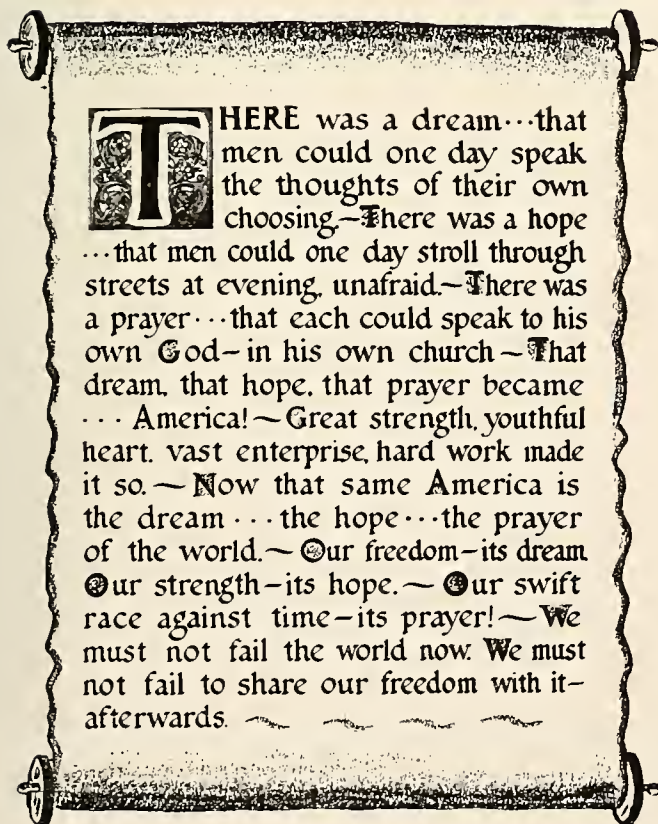


Harold Webman
Sylvia Bell Welch
Roy Yale

Sam Zweig

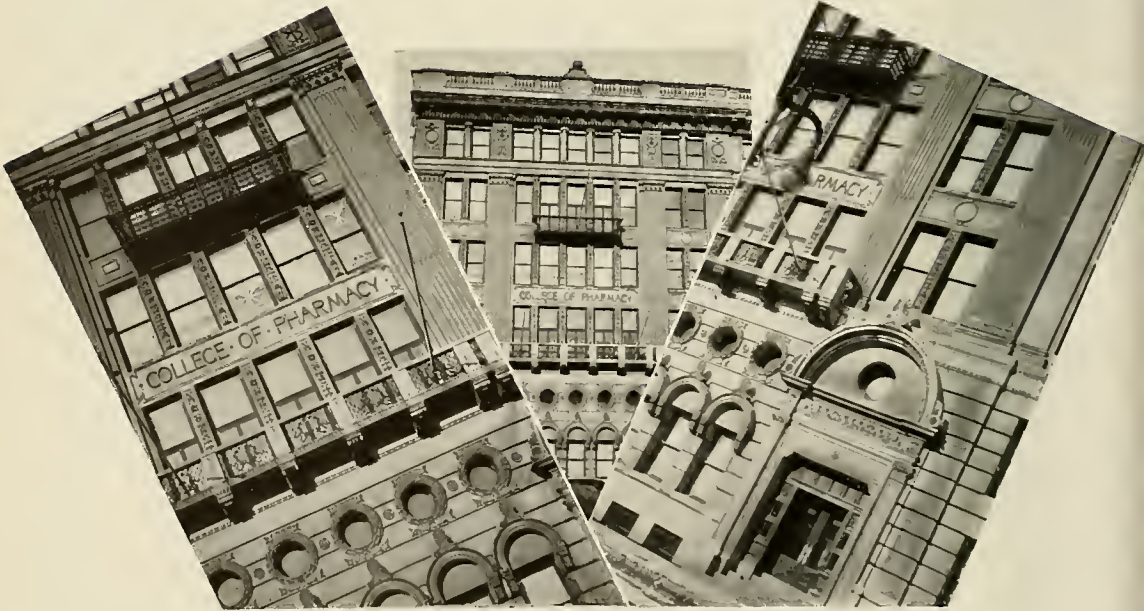
Pharmacists at War

Allan Friedman
Seymour Greenberg
Hyman Hait
Leo Ornstein
Bernard Palais
Philip Pilch
Charles Rose
Donald Taber
James Tobin
Poussant Torigian
Samuel Zweig
Bernard Zeldin
Warren Kalmanor



THERE was a dream...that men could one day speak the thoughts of their own choosing.~There was a hope...that men could one day stroll through streets at evening, unafraid.~There was a prayer...that each could speak to his own God~in his own church~That dream, that hope, that prayer became... America!~Great strength, youthful heart, vast enterprise, hard work made it so.~Now that same America is the dream... the hope...the prayer of the world.~ Our freedom~its dream. Our strength~its hope.~ Our swift race against time~its prayer!~We must not fail the world now. We must not fail to share our freedom with it~afterwards.

Alma Mater







ACTIVITIES



Symphony

A dramatic clash of cymbals!

A fiery burst from the trumpets is swiftly reinforced by wind instruments, strings and drums. And as though exotically inspired by the exciting magical tempo, the entire orchestra carries the music to majestic heights.

Our symphony has begun!

FIRST MOVEMENT—ALLEGRO

Following the resounding opening chords, which picture our grand entrance into Columbia, the music continues and our tale slowly unfolds to reveal, somewhat vaguely, our opening lectures and first impressions of college. The unsteady, almost staccato, beat, playfully symbolizes a typical day of those first few hectic weeks.

It was in September, 1939, that forty artists decided to convene to write a most unusual and yet harmonious opus. They met in a building giving the outward appearance of being just another structure. Inside, however, that nucleus of men and women were to find laboratories for testing their sincerity to accomplish, lecture halls to determine their willingness to succeed, and a library for further research and knowledge.

Then, is the subject of our symphony, "work"?—not entirely so. True, the composers set accomplishments as their goal, and they sincerely aspired to climb intellectual citadels; but they discovered too, there was more to college life than just learning. In each other's company, new interests and amusements were developed; friendships were cultivated; laughter, frivolity and gay times quickly displaced former serious intentions.

Humor, then, became their theme.

* * *

Math, with congenial Mr. Levi, was one series of perplexing lectures to many. With people like Fisher in the class, the periods usually turned into mass hilarity . . . Then there was that peculiar noise that droned through English. Boner was a great fellow, all right, but we just weren't built to be guinea pigs for anesthetic



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tests . . . Outside of telling "witty" (?) gags, Mr. Luthin's favorite pastime was ejecting people from Contemporary Civilization. (Never did know why they gave the course that name.) . . . We thoroughly enjoyed the illustrative experiments Mr. Anzelm put on for our benefit (the theories, we invented to explain what we saw, were remarkable); kidding aside though, we sincerely appreciated his patience and helpfulness.

It didn't take very long before we knew each other well enough to borrow a nickel; from there on, it was easy. Rare was the occasion that 100% of the class was present, although the attendance sheets were always fully signed. We were more interested in what was taking place in the lounge or in the local theater. Our sports life included playing football on our "spacious" campus (till a cop kicked us off the street), throwing snow balls across the lecture hall, and running the 100 yard dash (to get to class before the late bell). What about studies, you say? Come to think of it, that's what we paid for, wasn't it? Yes, we did learn something, but we'll be darned if we can remember what.

The first movement ends with a repetition of the main theme.

SECOND MOVEMENT—LARGO (ALLEGRO CON FUOCO)

A nine bar introduction quite as vigorous as the theme itself ushers in the second movement. Horn and trumpet intone this bold storm-like melody that advances in pompous style, gathering a throng of instruments as it proceeds. Out of this agitation, the clarinet introduces a new melody which engages the other woodwinds, and finally involves the strings as the song progresses.

Perhaps we weren't expecting it, but the combination of Physics (with Farwell), and Analytical Chemistry (with Liberman), was a





lethal dose. For the first time in our lives, we understood what to "sweat blood" meant. Why Levi's Calculus was 2A Arithmetic compared to the stuff Farwell could conjure up; and that guy in Hades certainly has nothing on Liberman. (Say, was that whip made of leather or rubber?) The "Master" remonstrated his cook book chemists and plumbers with such fury, it slowly dawned on us that he might be serious; the series of "F's" and zeroes he poured out clinched it.

Rothman, Hait, Morse and Co. kept up a supply of laughs that nearly intoxicated us, but nevertheless greatly aided us to pass through the turmoil and confusion. That "fruitful" walk through the park with Mr. Pokorny was a historical event. The terrific oratory rendered by some speakers in Professor Carter's Pharmacy class convinced us that the more some people talk, the less we think of them.

A pause—and the music proceeds falteringly as though unable to go on, and then with more firmness, the broad opening measures of the movement are heard as they slowly approach the termination of the second movement.

THIRD MOVEMENT—SCHERZO; VIVACE

The third movement, which combines the humorous and the grotesque, gives to the Scherzo a fascinating gaiety. It is animated by a rhythm which, whether it engages a large section of the orchestra, and thereby becomes uppermost in the movement, or whether it requires but a small number of instruments, makes itself distinctly felt. And its melodic and rhythmic combinations represent a mixture of sadness on the one hand, and exuberant joy on the other.

Jimmy Bugno surprised us by coming back a married man. Hait followed the example soon after. Changes in the international situation interrupted our tranquility and we were sadly reminded of the war by the voluntary joining into the armed forces by Alan Friedman, Phil Piltch, and Leo Ornstein.

Organic Chemistry and Bacteriology did more than their share to keep us occupied. Dr. Di Somma, "undergoing" his first teaching assignment, was fortunate (depending on your viewpoint) in having us for his first class; both he and Mrs. Di Somma treated us royally—and we shan't forget it for a long time . . . We traveled the globe with Doc Redden, and learned a little First Aid and Physiology on the side. Tops in entertainment was Doctor Brown's extraction of phosphorus from a narrow mouthed bottle with a large forceps.

On January 30, 1942, at the Coconut Grove, we ran our first dance. Everyone, including George Gutterman, Prom Chairman, had a good time.

Encouraged by our success, we ran a picnic extraordinaire on Saturday, May 2, at Clove Lake in Staten Island, under the direction of Al Cohen and President Gutterman.

The remainder of the movement consists wholly in the reiteration of the theme.

FOURTH MOVEMENT—ALLEGRO VIVACE

The serenity begun by the woodwinds is built to a passionate intensity as the violins take up the thought. The music becomes agitated and almost loses its original significance. Gradually the theme is rebuilt, and from the greatest depths, an inspiring melody is developed which reaches a magnificent climax.

Half the class being forced by the draft to take the summer speed-up course, we were split into two sections. Nine to five, four consecutive hours of lab in sweltering heat, Monday to Friday, tough exams plaguing them weekly without letup, the boys really went through hell. Practically the only ray of sunshine that came through the summer session was the birth of Jimmy Bugno, Jr.

Seymour Rabinowitz was stricken with pneumonia, and forced to leave, and Hyman Hait was drafted with but four weeks to go. Otherwise, all came through unscathed.

Brown's "Spirit of Moisha," Boxer's mass titration of the Mississippi River, the ice cream sittings in chem lab, Rothman's puns and Rand's brains more than aided the boys to survive.

Redox, a mimeographed newspaper, was revived by Al Cohen, and with the aid of a senior staff, soon began to thrive; it suddenly became a new interest in the school. The blood and stamp campaigns it sponsored, received ardent support from the entire senior class.

Under the able direction of Charlie Kaufman, the Senior Prom, with all pomp and ceremony, was held at the beautiful La Martinique Night Club, on Friday, December 11, 1942. "Chaperoning" the nineteen immaculately dressed couples, were none other than our popular Messrs. Pokorny and Miale. We unanimously felt that the Prom had been exactly what we planned it to be; our outstanding affair.

Searching always for the most eloquent expressions, drawing all together in a mighty web that reaches a climax with the theme being pronounced with power and decision, our symphony comes to a brilliant close.



Last Will

We, the most benevolent and altruistic class to graduate from C.U.C.P. in this year of our Lord, 1943, in an attempt to demonstrate these qualities to the world at large, do hereby leave:

To Dean Charles W. Ballard—a draft board that will give all pharmacy students 2A classifications.

To Professor Curt P. Wimmer—a coat with a sleeve large enough to contain the U.S.P., N.F. and the Dispensatory, Sig.: Agitende P.R.N.

To Professor Horace Carter—a recording phonograph so that he can commercialize on some of the more “interesting” speeches given in Manufacturing Pharmacy. He can call the records, “The Latest in Hilarious Hilarity.”

To Professor Lewis N. Brown—to Doc Brown we leave a ten gallon bottle of “Spirit of Moishe,” a diamond encrusted, gold plated pair of phosphorus tongs and a book entitled, “The More Gruesome Pharmaceutical Preparations.”

To Mister Herman J. Amsterdam—better known as H. J.—that which he will undoubtedly never get in any other way, a student body and council that will obey his every command.

To Professor Abe Taub—a patented eye focuser to bring his gaze down to the level of his students instead of exactly 7.42 inches above the head of the tallest member of the class.

To Professor Harry Taub, our Professor of Humor—the sum of \$100,000 to be invested in Harry Taub Enterprises, Inc., whose prospectus says they are putting films on the market of someone funnier than Chaplin. We wonder who!

To Mr. Samuel Liberman, better known as the Master, a membership card in the plumbers and cook book chemists union.

To Doc Lascoff—a mimeographing machine to print all his notes and save himself, the school and the student body a lot of time.

To Nancy, our petit librarian—an electric wiring shock system operated by buttons at her desk so that she can “evict undesirable characters” without the usual bother and commotion.

To Doc Halsey—a full army corps of Sanitary Engineers to make his laboratory habitable.

To Joe Miale—better known as Smilin’ Joe—Quo usque tandem abutere patientia nostra, Oh Mr. Miale, cum homeworko in Latino; and if any of his students can translate that—we demand that Mr. Miale be advanced at once in recognition of extraordinary teaching ability. (N.B. Any student who wants the above translated, see Prof. Brown.)

To the Underclassmen—a secret—shh—h. The faculty isn’t such a bunch of bad eggs—but that doesn’t mean that it’s safe to crack them.

Signed

The Class of ’43

The School Bequeaths

By diligent exercise of its forgottories, being in a generous mood, C.U.C.P. hereby bequeathes to the following choice students those attributes or items which will undoubtedly insure for them complete success in all future undertakings.

To George Gross, our future Army lieutenant par excellence, we bequeath a 1943 model Buick muffler—to help him lower his voice to a roar; and a complete asbestos suit—to enable him to continue along his merry, if explosive, way in chemistry.

To Wallace Gold, we affectionately will a magic carpet, seven-league boots, and any other conveyance that will enable him to make his famous "lecture hall excursions" without arousing any unnecessary comment.

To George Gutterman, a lovely loose-leaf notebook (mental) to help him turn over the pages in his mind more easily; and a copy of Dr. Redden's "Public Speaking, from the Typhoon of '26 to Yellowstone Park in '40" to enable him to put more vim and vigor into his famous two minute speeches.

To Harold Pinkof, an autographed copy of "Das Kapital," Russian translation, Monthly Special \$.89—minus the spiff.

To Olga Pittaro—Who wants our favorite and very own sweater girl to be graduated anyway? (That is, besides her.)

To our little Latin Bombshell, Nathan George (N.G. for short) Alberstat—a copy of that famous autobiography, "The Lives and Loves of Hal Banner," subtitle, "The Facts of Life and How I Disproved them" and a copy of that famous little lover's blackbook.

To Leon Joselow—an umbrella, Chamberlain style, to go with his Oxford accent. (Or is it Cambridge?)

To Irving Boxer, our "typical pharmacist" (via Redox), a Hollywood contract to ensure his starring in that great melodrama "The Monster Titrates," script to be written by Prof. Abe Taub.

To Harry Rothman, the man Mr. Liberman says has an unconscious sense of humor—which is, after all, one quarter right—a cushion so that he can sit more comfortably in Rand's lap.

To Evelyn Brenner and Stanley Siegal—a lifetime pass (singular) to the Paramount.

To Alvin Cohen—a large piece of paper and one signature to start a petition to get public backing of his miniature P.M.

To Leonard Cooper, Roy Yale, Irving Simon, and all the other "boisterous" students—a shot of strychnine.

To the Student Body in General—something they really need very badly—a new set of brains.

Signed the umpteenth day of Marpruary,

C. U. C. P.

Who's Who



1. *Class Athletes*
Carmen and Berny
2. *Class Father*
Jimmy Bugno and Junior
3. *Most Likely to Succeed*
Harry Rothman



4. *Class Politician*
George Gutterman
5. *Class Genius*
Leon Rand
6. *Class Baby*
Wally Gold
7. *Class Beauty*
Olga
8. *Class Pharmacist*
Irving the Boxer
9. *Best Dressed Man*
George Gross

Pharmacy



Almost immediately after the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, the pharmacists and wholesale druggists of Honolulu were mobilized for emergency duties. Telephones began ringing within fifteen minutes of the attack, and supplies of sulfanilamides, narcotics, tetanus and gas gangrene serums, burn remedies, and other essential drugs were shipped swiftly and efficiently to emergency and hospital centers. For their valiant and successful fight, as well as for their priceless professional services rendered to our armed forces, we proudly salute our Hawaiian comrades!

Science makes great advances during a war—that is axiomatic. Pharmacy has not been found lacking. Long before the United States declared war, our chemists and botanists labored fervently to supply the nation with substitutes to replace our lost supplies from Europe. That we will soon be independent of the world for our stock of such drugs is concrete evidence of American pharmaceutical ingenuity.

Of all industries, the drug industry was the first to realize that organized, systematized research had to be fostered in order to develop pharmacy to its greatest peak of service. Laboratories are inventing and perfecting new drugs, as well as utilizing their facilities for other types of scientific work. The release of I. G. Farbenindustrie patents by the Alien Property Custodian will give us more widespread distribution of ma-

for Victory

terials, and at a lower cost. Thus, inspired research is rapidly making America the Laboratory as well as the Arsenal of Democracy.

Recognizing the integral part they play in the normal life of the community, especially in periods of emergency, pharmacists have pledged themselves to a program which accelerates and emphasizes their everyday duties. The withdrawal of a large number of men to the armed forces, has placed an additional burden upon those remaining. However, the "corner druggist" has made victory part of his business.

The success of the War Stamp sales drive of the drug industry, the registration of drug stores as emergency first aid stations, adequately supplied with medicines and equipment, and the qualifying of most pharmacists as First Aiders, as well as the collection of tin tubes, along with other conservation and salvaging projects, all demonstrate, beyond any doubt, that the retail druggist has the ability and energy to constitute an important part of the war effort.

These, however, are only surface changes, for the functions of pharmacists are rapidly being revised. It may be realized that many items in the drug store today are, for purposes of total war, unessential and unimportant, slowly to be removed from the market by the government. The needs of our Army, Navy, allies and civilian population will soon create a situation which will call into play all the ingenuity and professional education of the pharmacist. Now, more than ever, he must act as an intelligent purchasing agent. Physicians as well as laymen are relying on him to be prepared for all conditions. This is the important function of wartime pharmacy—and we hope that with it will come a thorough housecleaning of much of the frills and commercialism in the drug store.

Although the Colleges of Pharmacy have also mobilized for the war, we are proud to point to our Alma Mater as a leader in pharmaceutical education. Not only have our graduates assumed a vital role in both civilian and armed forces, but Columbia is the only school used for the training of pharmaceutical war personnel by the armed services.





Campus

Life

As you approach our building, our beautiful spacious campus, covered with beautiful green grass and lined with grandstands, meets your eye. Ah yes, a campus that causes your heart to quicken and your pride to swell because of its grandeur and splendor.

Our all powerful football varsity team can be seen practising—notice the skill, the proficiency, and the almost professional ability with which they play. See our Man Mountain Dean, in the foreground, skillfully “taking out” two of the opposition’s best men. Notice the tremendous crowd’s awed expression.



Before entering our stately portals, you chance to observe two students enveloped in light intellectual conversation—Einstein’s Theories, no doubt. Nothing but interest is reflected on their faces — surely only the finest of sciences could captivate their attention so wholly. What an inspiring sight! What a beautiful thing college life is!

Next, you come to Pharmacy’s Arsenal of Knowledge, our million-dollar library. The very atmosphere is alive with creativeness, knowledge, and research. But what have we here? A rare sight indeed, for you have the privilege of witnessing the evolution of a thesis — a work of art destined to shock the world with its irrationality.

But no visit could be complete without seeing our modern cafeteria. Here we notice a neat and orderly eating place, kept immaculate by the careful supervision and manners of our scholarly elites. Aren’t the murals fascinating — especially the fine artistic lines?

To travel upward, you do not use the conventional and outdated method of walking stairs. You merely step into our spacious elevator, designed to hold at *least* five students of medium weight. Of course, if the Dean should perchance happen to see you, well, that would only be another mere dollar tacked onto your irreturnable breakage fee.

First floor, the lounge. Here we find out collegiates participating in really educational competitive sports. The fact that these "sports" don't receive the full blessing and co-operation they merit from the faculty, probably accounts for the scarcity of participants.

Next stop, we arrive at the lecture hall, where an examination is in progress. Nothing but the honor system is used at Columbia. As far as the minor details of the shotgun and the telescope — well — they're just minor details.



The Bacteriology labs provide us with interesting exhibits. Our eccentric scientist and world-renowned Bacteriologist, Emil Ducker, who, by the way, only recently arrived from Europe where his discoveries shook the world, can be seen in one of his "sane" moments, shaving, using the microscope mirror to direct his progress.

The fifth floor, we view the "Pharmacy Testing Labs" where suppositories are calibrated for shape, capsules and troches are weighed to the millimicron, and where at the moment, pills are being tested for roundness.

And last, but by *no* means least, we arrive just in time to witness mad chemist Gross, en-"Grossed" in the destructive distillation of ether. Rare is the occasion when the whole lab isn't in danger of being destructively distilled.



Message to Undergraduates

"Now the world knows that the Nazis, the Fascists and the militarists of Japan have nothing to offer youth—except death. On the other hand, the cause of the United Nations is the cause of youth itself. It is the hope of the new generation—and the generations to come—hope for a new life that can be lived in freedom, and justice and decency . . . We here at home are supremely conscious of our obligations to you, now and in the future. We will not let you down. We know that in the minds of many of you are thoughts of interrupted education, interrupted careers, delayed opportunities for getting a job . . . When you come home, we do not propose to involve you, as last time, in a domestic economic mess of our own making . . .

In the last war, youth did not think deeply about the cause of the war nor formulate any objective for peace. The result of this was that through sins of omission and commission we brought on another war. The determination that this shall not happen again should be firmly expressed by youth today. They have united in war. Therefore, they must unite in peace."

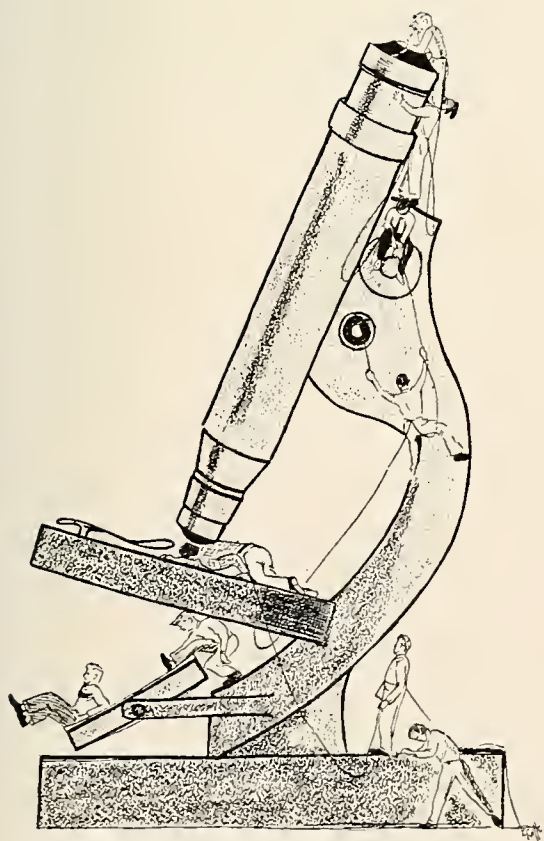
PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

We are today not fellow students but brothers-in-arms in the greatest struggle men have yet witnessed. The present war is a decisive conflict between two ways of life, between peoples living in two different moral universes. All who fly the banner of democracy, no matter what the race, color or creed are comrades in a common cause.

The events of the past few months have clearly indicated that education, as we have known it, is to undergo a radical change. The theme of college learning is not education for one's own personal elevation, but for victory for the nation. The liberal arts are doomed; science assumes an all important position, and as pharmacy students, you will be a vital part of that position.

If it becomes your duty and obligation to actively participate in battles to come, you leave with the assurance that you will be able to resume when you return.

If you are fortunate enough to remain in school, remember the men who are taking your place on the front line. They will be doing their best. Will you be doing yours?



1943



Smilin' Joe Miale



Humor Committee: Banner, Rothman, Margolis, and Boxer

STAFF

	EDITORS-IN-CHIEF	
Harold Webman	Alvin Cohen	Bernard Margolis
	EDITORIAL STAFF	
Irving Boxer	George Gross	Leah Lippe
	Harry Rothman	Carmen Vetrano

	PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF	
	Harold Banner, <i>Editor</i>	
Wally Gold	Warren Kalmanor	Marty Katz

	ART EDITORS	
Lloyd Rosenberg		Carlo Russo

	UNDERCLASSES	
Ralph Brown, <i>Freshmen</i>		Martin Margolis, <i>Sophomores</i>
	Milton, Pushkin, <i>Juniors</i>	

BUSINESS MANAGER
George Gutterman

FACULTY ADVISER
Mr. Miale

Apothekan

The Apothekan is, and always has been, unique among the droves of college year-books published. That this is so is no testimonial to the genius of the editors, past or present, but rather to the singular fact that it is parthenogenetic (paging Doc Redden) in origin. To put it into terms that any censor would pass, it springs, like Minerva, full blown from the brains of the editors, unsullied by any previous literary experience.

The results of our ingenuity in Apothekan '43 were in many ways good. For example, breaking all precedent we stayed within our budget at all times. There are some who would say that this was so because our funds were unusually large. True! True! But the fact still remains—we dood it. We were expertly advised as to make-up and such by Mr. Kaplan of Marlin Printing Co., and Mr. Lessin of Scientific Engraving, and not knowing any better, we stuck to their advice—and are now very glad that we did. We refused to be orthodox. For example, we actually tried to make up a committee of the best wits (?) of each class to write the personals or, as better known, the snide cracks; where possible, we tried to use pictures for words; and, in general, we showed a great and happy ignorance of all custom and the like.

We gratefully acknowledge the help of the Class of '42 who left us a detailed list of the pitfalls that beset their path. Nor can we minimize the worth of the jovial guidance of Mr. Joseph Miale in making Apothekan a book that you can take home to Mother; nor of the Faculty, in general, who have helped immeasurably by bearing up nobly under the stresses of minor inconveniences.

The character of our book was set by our determination to tickle the collective funny-bones of the student and faculty body. We knew of no surer method of making Apothekan something that the student, whether Senior or no, would refer back to now and then—as he sits waiting for his stamp-customer-of-the-day in happy years to come.

We have tried to be humorous. Let that be our epitaph. And it's hard work.

We have poked a little friendly fun at the Achilles heel of the students, teachers and institution. We have tried to see to it, and the censors have helped us see to it, that there were no petty stings motivated by anything except a good, clean sense of fun. To those who object, recall the words of Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, "For Heaven's sake, keep laughing."

When we were through with humor, a sterner duty settled upon us. We were, and are, at war against Fascism and all that it stands for. As pharmacists, teachers and embryonic chemists, and, above all, as Americans, duties and obligations have devolved upon us—obligations of which we never dreamed.

It is not the purpose of Apothekan to prate as to these duties and the like. It is traditionally American to "Say little and carry a big stick" and we are not the ones to tell our fellows how to use it. We simply state that it is our belief and, much more, our knowledge that Pharmacy and its practitioners shall more than carry their share of the burden.

ORGANIZATIONS

Junior

Well, here we are in our third year, and mighty pleased too. It was quite a struggle though. The first day we registered we thought we were in an army camp—all the upperclassmen were evading Mr. Simpson, the "Doughboy." Jo Libenhaut wasn't sure he wanted to take advantage of his scholarship because he received offers from Rutgers, Upjohn, and Oxford (Food Shop). Friedland had just arrived from Palestine, so naturally he wanted to continue his schooling in America. All you needed was \$7,000 to get into C.U.C.P. at the time, so it was easy for "Mikeh" because his "honcle" was a printer.

Before we knew it, we were all getting our school supplies ready for our long struggle. We strolled into our first class with a chip on our shoulder, but by the end of the day we had thrown the chip away. In the first class, we heard Dr. Wimmer telling us that if we made a prescription for less than \$10, we were not fit to be pharmacists and subjects of Rabbi Momanodees. It finally ended that all students who could spell "hieroglyphics" correctly passed pharmacy orientation. We then strolled into



Class

pharmacy math, where we heard Mr. Amsterdam saying, "You people will never be pharmacists," and then calling Pushkin a murderer for getting an answer of 432 gr. of strychnine for a 4 oz. mixture.

From here we moved into Mr. Luthin's "class" (1A). It was here that we sat with our mouths open while listening to the definition of "*free love*" and "*the principles of cribbing*." After leaving this bit of relaxation, we strolled into the course of courses, "Calculus." Mr. Levi would get confused now and then, but, after blowing his nose and taking a "Lextron" capsule, would continue while the boys wished they could understand the course. Schuchman to this day thinks that "Log 1 plus Log 2 plus Log 3 plus Log 4 equals 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'." English was a "hep" course. Every Monday we had to write a 7,000 word composition in ten minutes. The rest of the hour, we used for bandaging each other's fingers. Any student who had a "run on paragraph," had to sing "Deep in the Heart of Texas" 40 times . . . After leaving Mr. Pokorny's class, we knew all about "Thallophyta, Bryophyta, Pteridophyta, and how to get to Bush 44, by way of the Eighth Avenue Subway."

Our first year chem course was presented to us by Mr. Anzelmi, who taught us the basic chemistry needed for "protection" against Mr. Liberman, who we will discuss as soon as we get to the second year . . . Our first real pharmacy started with Professor Carter and Mr. Amsterdam in Manufacturing lab. Professor Carter lectured while Mr. Amsterdam counted the money from student activities, when he wasn't breaking up the "triple quantity clique." Boy that was a tough year.

But the second year was even tougher. The only easy course was physics where 28% on a quiz gave one the right to run the elevator for two weeks. One day, Professor Farwell, while "sealing" the room, and swinging back and forth on a rope extended from the ceiling, lost his grip and fell on the hard seats in the back of the room. So from that day on, all the pharmacy students had to sit in the back of the room to catch him in case the rope broke.

It was in Mr. Liberman's lab, we learned to salute and say, "yes, sir" and also to weigh rock candy analytically. His favorite expression—"You're about as normal as some of your solutions." Every time you came without a lab coat, you got 30 lashes with a burette until you reached your "end point." Al Grubman finally caught on after going to the 42nd Street library and reading the meniscus. To this day, Kaner thinks an "end point" is something on a Parker pen. In Mr. Liberman's classes, the marks ran as follows:

If you got a red "F" you were hopeless.

A blue "F" meant you still had a chance.

With an "M.U." you were going places.

A "C" gave you the right to work in Lascoff's pharmacy as delivery boy.

Mr. Liberman got real sore one day when Stan Fried got the "Make Believe Ballroom" on the copper determining machine. . . . Then one day we all came to German; Mr. Ingenheut sent half of us home because he felt out of place. He didn't mind us sitting on top of each other in a quiz, but when we started writing on each other's papers, it was going too far. . . . We can still smell the cat in zoology lab. One day Doc Halsey came into lab without his pipe. One cat looked up at the other and said, "Tell me, Tom. Are we in da right lab???" Doc's course could really have been given in "sex" easy lessons. Some of Dr. Halsey's "clean" gags were really good. If a cat didn't laugh at them, the poor thing was fired . . .

We are now in our third and really enjoyable year. Organic Chemistry is really an interesting course and is made enjoyable by Dr. and Mrs. Di Somma. (Now if we don't pass, there's something wrong.) But all kidding aside. . . . We've all enjoyed selling "Vitalis" in the store we work in. We now have the pleasure of making it in chem lab.

You really learn some practical stuff in Dr. Lascoff's courses. "If Phillips Mag. costs 29¢, and you sell it for 27¢, you lose 2¢ . . ." Quiz question—"Name 10 ways of breaking a contract (and getting away with it). There are 2 types of drug stores, the professional apothecary and Walgreen's. The cigar counter is in front, next comes the fountain, then the cosmetic department, and if you look real hard, there's a 'sink and a package of Gem blades'."

Physiology and First Aid as presented by Dr. Redden is really "hep." Dispensing pharmacy is swell even though Schuchman thinks a "catchet" is something made by Yardley. Oh yes, this year we have the pleasure of having Mr. Pokorny in Histology. When he rolls his eyes now, "it ain't funny anymore" but he's still good for a lot of laughs. Pharmacy Latin is a swell course presented by a gentleman and a scholar, Mr. Miale. But the doctors still write "Unicaps."

Thus we lived through three of our best years made even better by a staff of the swellest professors at C.U.C.P.



Sophomore Class

An impartial observer, looking at the group assembled in the lecture hall, might have gotten an impression of latent power, of sharp intellects, of bubbling spirits and wholesome fun; he might have seen on the bright faces before him the light of learning combined with an invigorating "joie de vivre." This, however, is *not* what Dean Ballard noticed as he stood addressing the Freshman class on that bright September morning of 1941. What he did see was 45 faces, some stolid, some amused, some expectant and others obviously bored.

During the first two weeks of the term, we became acquainted with our teachers and they, unfortunately, became acquainted with us. Mr. Luthin soon became resigned to our many cuts, but his patience with the class in general must have been strained, especially when the class cut en masse. Having learned that the class was in the men's lounge, he dashed down the stairs from 32, across the hall, and up the steps to the lounge; but lo, the birds had flown! When he got back to 32, somewhat short of breath, he found, to his amazement, the entire class impatiently awaiting his arrival. Mr. Luthin, however, will always remain a swell guy.

It was with sincere regret that we learned that Dr. Levi was going to leave us to give his services to the Navy. Our boyish-looking Math teacher has been well liked by all of us.

The first event of class interest was the elections and our first social function was a theater party; the play was Banjo Eyes. Most of the boys seemed reluctant to introduce their girl friends to their classmates. For shame, boys! That showed little self-confidence, and besides, not all the fellows are wolves, or are they? What fun those carefree freshman days were!

Our sophomore year started quite auspiciously. Early Tuesday morning, Mr. Liberman looked down on us with a grim compression of his lips and summed us up with a bored look. "Better not try any tricks in here, boys. I'm wise to anything you can pull, and then some," he assured us. "Do your work and you'll pass the course. If you don't," he said with a terrible leer on his face, "the army will get you." We are no longer frightened by Mr. Liberman; we know that under that fearsome and rugged exterior, there lies a heart of gold.

Although we had been supplied with much information and advice about all the teachers at C.U.C.P., the reports that reached us about the dreaded colossus who towered over the Physics labs were vague and mysterious. Professor Farwell, the man reputed to devour Pharmacy students between classes, soon proceeded to fulfill our worst expectations. With a ferocious twist to his lips that was meant for an amiable grin, his face would become convulsed and assume an apoplectic tinge while lecturing.



Then, turning to some poor unfortunate who had the temerity to drop a book, he snarled, "Get a handle!" For his many thinly veiled remarks about "that Pharmacy group," Professor Farwell will long be remembered.

We soon learned that Mr. Pokorny was a very amusing speaker, when he spoke about anything *except* Botany. A thoroughly appreciated change in the routine was a stroll through Central Park. It was highly successful from our point of view, but not so from Mr. Pokorny's. It seemed that the class was paying more attention to social affairs than Botanical.

The first of our class to enlist in the armed forces was Bernie Palais, now in the Medical Corps. Shortly afterwards, Jim Tobin enlisted in the Coast Guard and Torigan in the Navy. Good luck, boys!

Before this year is over, our class will be further reduced, and the majority of us will probably be in service before long. We all look forward to the day when conditions will permit a joyful reunion at C.U.C.P. of the entire class of '45.

Alfred Abramson—"I'll be in the army soon anyway."
 Bernard Abramson—"Women can't leave me alone."
 Morton Berger—"I can't leave women alone."
 Arthur Borden—"I wanna be a WAVE."
 Gloria Brill—"Who's the cute blonde sailor?"
 Eleanor Caligor—"Want to learn Russian?"
 Gilbert Chavkin—"With Palais gone, I've got a clear field."
 Leonard Chavkin—"He ain't lazy, he just hates work."
 Albert Datlof—"Me and Pokorny—Long Island farmers."
 Bernard Dinerman—"If there's smoke in 60, he's in the middle of it."
 Pasquale Emma—"No, Cornell's in Ithaca, not Utica."
 Sam Esposito—"Who's a mad dog?"
 Nehemiah Ginsburg—"Who's Nehemiah? (Ychoodi's cousin.)"
 Paul Glazer—"Living (?) proof of a priority on alarm clocks."
 Herbert Halpern—"Significant figure? That's what Margie Hart got."
 John Hauffman—"A golden gargoyle—that's a mouth wash."
 Harry Hill—"First student to observe molecular motion under the microscope."
 Fanny Jacobs—"She jerks a mean soda."
 Shirley Kaplan—"Chemical wizard—she precipitates sugar from tap water."
 Isidore Karchawer—"I'm a misogynist? What's that?"
 John Koceniak—"I ain't got no tertiary!"
 Stanley Kaye—"That's oomph under his nose."
 Edward Krasnoff—"Who's soph president, me?"
 David Kravetz—"Pants manufacturer—he looks at Gloria and pants."
 Solomon Magalnick—"A good head for Math. (Solid geometry.)"
 Martin Margolis—"Great physicist—does research in osculatory motion."
 Robert Nitzky—"Mad botanist—discovered a pistil with pollen grains."
 Jesse Olsen—"You should live so, like I'm a svede!"
 Irving Ornstein—"Wake up! The lecture's over."
 Bernard Palais—"Enlist now and avoid the post-mid-term rush."
 Peter Passalacqua—"Discovered and classified the visterus."
 Albert Petrocelli—"Me and Mayor Hague are like that."
 Eugene Rosenkrantz—"Botany can wait, pinochle can't."
 Zola Saffer—"A sad case of acute Farwellphobia."
 Irwin Saltzman—"His ambition—to be Private Liberman's top-sergeant."
 Abraham Segal—"I'm just dying to meet Errol Flynn."
 Joseph Sinsheimer—"I can't use Dentyne in pill masses?"
 Maisha Sliptzin—"His hobby—tying teachers in knots."
 David Solomon—"What was that about Syracuse?"
 Irwin Tabachnick—"He's cute. (Short, fat, and bow-legged.)"
 James Tobin—"Army make a man of me? You kiddin'?"
 Puzant Torigian—"He closely resembles a living person."
 Max Wise—"You're wrong, Mr. Liberman."

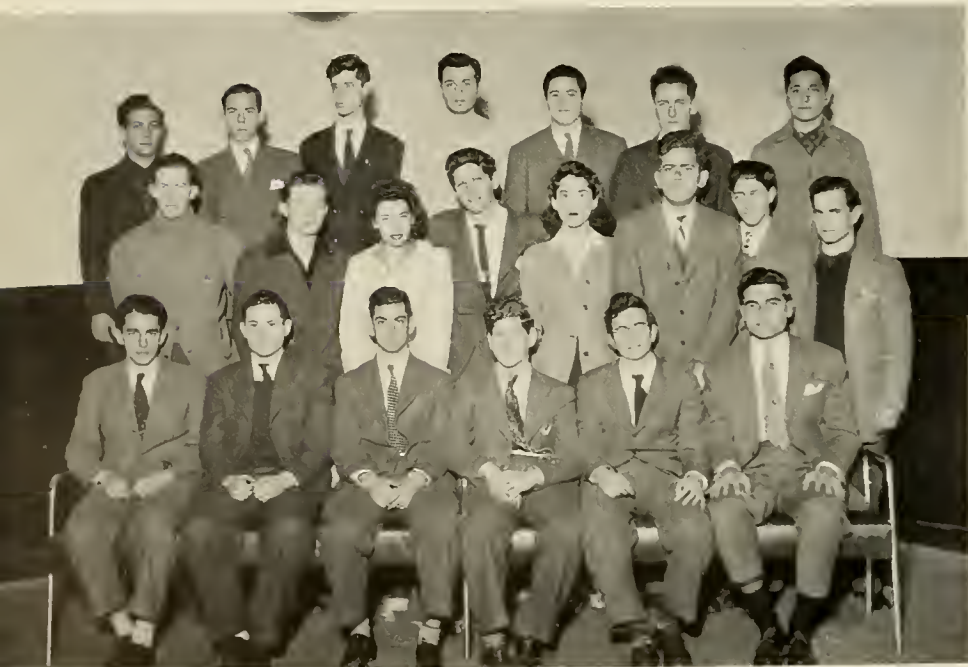
Freshman

Approaching the venerable institution which we call "Alma Mater," one accustomed to "looking" but not "seeing," and to observing only the superficial aspect of things would not think much of its appearance. Behind the familiar façade on West 68th Street, however, there dwells the learning of centuries, the accumulated lore of an ancient and honorable profession.

Hither journey students of all races and creeds, of varied characters and backgrounds who, however, have a common interest—to absorb the wisdom of the ages relating to their chosen vocation as well as cultural subjects to make them better citizens of the future.

In an atmosphere of comradeship made possible by the small classes and by democratic, friendly teachers, our study and work are tempered by the good humor which is never out of place in our surroundings. The human foibles of our teachers and classmates, and the everyday events which add a chuckle here and there, act as tonics on our journey down the road of learning. Our mid-semester examination marks may not be altogether to our liking, but they only spur us on to greater effort and achievement.

To us the most interesting part of the school work is the chemistry laboratory, where theories and laws learned during the week are actually put to work in a series of



Class

experiments. Book learning is both desirable and necessary, but for a real understanding and grasp of fundamentals, one must work with his hands.

The recreational side of our college life must not occupy too great a place nor should it be entirely ignored, for it enables us to meet our classmates socially and to make contacts useful for the rest of our lives. An important phase of this is the numerous fraternities and sororities abounding on the campus. Not many of us have as yet joined, but expect to, for we think it is great fun. To a person advancing into manhood or womanhood there is nothing to equal the good fellowship and friendship which may be gained from such associations.

In closing, we say with all sincerity that our association with Columbia College of Pharmacy has made such a deep impression on us that it will remain throughout the rest of our lives.

William Fink—The birds can fly. Why can't I?

Sidney Antonoff—Better fed than taught.

Francis Smith—What a guy!

Murray Bravin—What does the Subjective Complement weigh in the Troy System?

Philip Le Van—Cut and come again.

Stanley Gottheim—He doesn't look like a moimaid.

Herbert Ozur—He looks into all the best cellars.

Irwin Minakur—He thinks a plaster of Paris is a French drunk.

Daniel Abraham—He sleeps 8 hours a day and 12 at night.

Herman Zuckman—He'll get ahead; he needs one.

Andrew Ricco—He thinks a caboose is an Indian's baby.

Richard Seidenberg—When taken, to be well shaken.

Joseph Nakasian—The best in his class. (The only one in it.)

David Frolich—Early to bed and early to rise makes David very sleepy.

Joseph Stumer—Too much rest itself becomes a pain.

Irwin Kolodny—Can I have a cutting card please?

Samuel Zager—Here's something nice about nothing.

Betty Schein—"A body at rest tends to remain at rest." Newton.

Barbara Bernstein—Necessity makes all women master of themselves.

Raymond Weinstein—He happily laughs his hours away, laughing.

Jack De Vries—He's good at figures (whistle, whistle).

Bernard Bernstein—He was elected class wit. Only half the class voted.

George Jacobs—The best two people you ever met.

Sanford Arnovich—He takes exercise to increase his circulation.

Seymour Zawada—Find Jacobs and you've found Zawada.

Bernard Paul—Speak up, *man*, where are you?

Eleanor Stark—Veronica Lake's double. (When she lets her hair down.)

Tseng H. Chow—*Still* water runs the deepest.

Helga Tieline—What a seat behind her—and an inkwell would do for those braids!

Fate tried to conceal her by naming her Tieline.

Ralph Brown—A one man plumbing system—a pipe and a long drink of water.



Because of the drastic changes brought about by the war, the Student Council returned to the '42-'43 session to find the budget, which had been decided upon after weeks of planning the previous term, scrapped. So back to work they went, and if their former trials and tribulations seemed a bit overbearing, the new budget was soon to enlighten them as to what real aggravation was like. No agreement between the Council and the faculty adviser, Mr. Amsterdam, could be reached, one constantly vetoing the suggestions of the other. Finally after due deliberation, debate and what not, a new budget was born! A major portion of it was allotted to Apothekan (for which we are more than grateful).

On November 28, 1942, at Earl Hall, the Council ran its only affair, the Turkey Hop. Although the financial results were far from satisfactory, the dance was a social success, for all who attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Refreshments were served, door prizes and other prizes were awarded, and a guest singer rendered several songs. The Hall was beautifully decorated with streamers, and to make the affair concur with the times, fifty Coast Guardsmen, from the school, were invited; as can be imagined, the atmosphere was indeed gay.

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Membership in the American Pharmaceutical Association, Columbia University Branch is an opportunity to join with others of the pharmaceutical field in raising the standards, influence, and recognition of the profession; and sharing the benefits of group action that are unobtainable through individual action. The student is given the opportunity of sharing in social and professional activities that will give him a better knowledge of the profession and those in it.

The war has brought closer to the professional man the need for a representative organization to correlate the help a group can offer with the needs of the war effort. Though individuality is of great importance, more can be accomplished by a united effort. Better ideas are brought to light when many minds are working on a common problem at the same time. Each can contribute something to build it up. Any reforms to better the profession in any way are facilitated by a group voice rather than an individual one.

The Branch is under the guidance of Professor C. P. Wimmer as faculty adviser, Lawrence L. Gorin '43, president, Alvin Cohen '43, secretary, and Bernard Starkman '44, treasurer. Our many activities include scientific demonstrations, talks by well-known educators, movies on a variety of subjects, discussions on topics of interest, and social gatherings.

A. Ph. A. STUDENT BRANCH

Camera Club

This year, under the influence of a few spirited individuals, the Camera Club was revived. With Mr. Anzelmi, graciously consenting to act as Faculty Adviser, and with Wally Gold, '43, as President, the Club had a very successful turnout. Meetings were held regularly, and rare was the occasion that from ten to fifteen camera bugs didn't turn out.

Candid shots of the students and faculty in action were taken, many of which are included in *Apothekan*. At meetings, lectures were given on the finer points of photography by such experts as Emil Ducker, '43 (Technical Adviser) and Hal Banner, '43, Photography Editor of *Apothekan*.





The Dante Circle was established in 1922 by Professor Jacob S. Dorfman and Mr. Dominick Fanelli for the purpose of promoting a closer bond among the students of the college.

Since 1926 the Dante Circle has awarded annually a gold medal, known as the Dickman Medal, to the student receiving the highest rating in Theoretical Pharmacy in his three years at the college. This award has since been made a permanent one.

This season was opened in early November by a dinner-bowling party at which the prospective members were introduced to the circle, and then pledged. Because of stressing times the social activities of Dante Circle have been comparatively few in number. Those that we did have were truly enjoyable. The highlight of the season was the initiation at which the pledgees were officially made members of the organization.

In an effort to enter into the spirit of the day, the members of the fraternity have assisted in the sale of defense stamps, and many have donated blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank.

We soon must say farewell to some of our members, and to the remainder we promise that in coming years we will be striving harder than ever to insure fraternalism among the members of our organization.

Dante Circle

Delta Sigma Theta

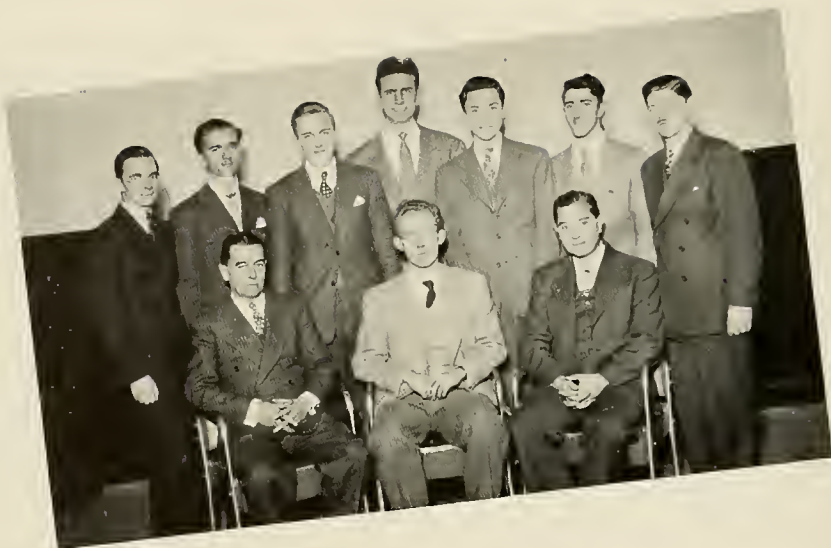
Delta Sigma Theta, established in Brooklyn College of Pharmacy in 1918, is today one of the largest non-sectarian fraternities, and the only frat embracing the three healing arts of Pharmacy, Medicine and Dentistry. There are fourteen chapters, of which Delta at the Columbia College of Pharmacy is one of the most active.

This chapter enjoys a large membership in school, and besides bringing professional benefits to its members, affords them ample opportunities for social activities. Meetings are held every other Monday night throughout the year at some prominent midtown hotel, (at present, the Hotel Empire), at which matters relating to the profession, school and world at large are discussed.

Once a month, each chapter sends delegates to a Supreme Council meeting to give reports of its activities and to debate any issues which may effect one or all of the chapters. Thus the pharmacy chapter is bound into a closer union with our allied professions.

It is by means of these meetings and social functions and affairs that the fraters are enabled to constantly keep in touch with one another long after they have graduated, and once casual acquaintances rapidly develop into life-long friends.





Kappa Psi Pharmaceutical Fraternity was founded in 1879. It is one of the largest fraternities in the field of Pharmacy. Kappa Psi now has 51 collegiate chapters and 35 graduate chapters, representing 31 states. Several times a year delegates from each chapter meet at an appointed place and discuss fraternal and social matters.

Gamma chapter of C.U.C.P. is one of the oldest chapters in the fraternity. Through all these years Gamma has been very active. This year we have had a dinner dance with the Omega chapter of Newark, several get together, a regional meeting, and a Christmas party. We are looking forward to other social events in the near future.

Although our honor roll is large there are three names which stand out because they are brothers with whom we, the present class have gone to school with:

Donald Taber, U. S. Navy Hospital apprentice 1st class,

Charles Rose, U. S. Navy Hospital apprentice 1st class,

Puzant Torigian, U. S. Navy Third Class Pharmacists Mate.

Charles Rose will be a Pharmacists mate third class early in January. He was fortunate to get a seven day leave and came to school to see the gang.

To all the men in the service and to the brothers of Kappa Psi in the service we wish them the best of luck.

Kappa Psi

Lambda Kappa Sigma

Sigma Chapter of Lambda Kappa Sigma was organized by the women students of Columbia College of Pharmacy in 1931. Since that time Sigma Chapter has steadily developed along professional and social lines.

During the past year an active program was carried out. The semester started with an Eastern Regional convention held in New York at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Shortly after a welcome party was held for incoming freshman women students. This was followed by a luncheon which was well attended. In rapid succession we held a pledging ceremony, Jinx Walk, a highly successful raffle, and finally, initiation services with the addition of four new members.

The sorority was especially interested in doing its part in cooperating with the national war effort. Members helped by serving as air raid wardens, giving blood to the Red Cross, working in interceptor command, and being useful in many other capacities. This varied activity somewhat curtailed social events.

Lambda Kappa Sigma plans an exciting and eventful program for the coming year.





Rho Pi Phi was founded twenty-five years ago during the war period. Since then, it has become the largest, international pharmaceutical fraternity, with chapters in every part of the country. All the chapters are closely bounded by the Supreme Council, which is the governing body of the organization. An annual convention is held every year in a different city. Rho Pi Phi Day was declared at the New York World's Fair and pharmacists from all over the country attended the ceremonies. Included within its roster as actual members are such notables as Herbert Lehman, Dr. J. Leon Lascoff, and Eddie Duchin.

Gamma Chapter was first organized in 1922. Twenty years ago, a group of students, inspired by the close intimacy of their scholastic activities, conceived the vision of perpetual relationship by forming this chapter. They formulated the code of the "Ropes." This developed their earnest desire to carry the standards of their profession, the pharmaceutical code of ethics, to the highest points of honor and integrity. As "Ropes," they carried these thoughts throughout these years.

This present chapter has added to the ideals of the fraternity, a theme song dedicated to the spirit of the "Ropes." It has become the leading chapter in the fraternity. This fraternity has relished the position of being one of the most outstanding and foremost fraternities in the school. Rho Pi Phi is a fortress of inspiration to every frater, urging all to fulfill destinies worthy of its ideals.

Rho Pi Phi

Directory

Alberstat, Nathan George
 Banner, Harold
 Boxer, Irving
 Brenner, Evelyn
 Bugno, James P.
 Cohen, Alvin
 Corbin, Lewis
 Cooper, Leonard S.
 Ducker, Emil
 Gold, Wallace William
 Goldenring, Herbert
 Gorin, Lawrence Lee
 Gross, George Samuel
 Gutterman, George
 Joselow, Leon
 Kalmanor, Warren J.
 Kaufman, Charles
 Kesselman, Moses Philip
 Klein, Warren H.
 Kratzer, Samuel Jack
 Lapidus, Allan
 Lippe, Leah
 Margolis, Bernard I.
 Meyer-Chelemer, Miriam
 Pinkof, Harold
 Pittaro, Olga
 Rabinowitz, Seymour
 Rand, Leon
 Rothman, Harry
 Schwimmer, Abraham
 Shapiro, Jasper
 Siegel, Stanley
 Simon, Irving
 Sobel, Daniel
 Star, Bernard
 Veltri, Roger Lewis
 Vetrano, Carmine V.
 Webman, Harold
 Welch, Sylvia Bell
 Yale, Roy William
 Zweig, Samuel

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 645 Maple Ave., Scranton, Pa.
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 53 W. Tremont Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 1116 8th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 2010 Powell Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 800 Greenwood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 881 East 178 St., Bronx, N. Y.
 387 E. Northampton St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 49 East 106 St., N. Y. C.
 340 West 86 St., N. Y. C.
 56 Glenwood Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
 313 East 10 St., N. Y. C.
 318 West 100 St., N. Y. C.
 855 Fox St., Bronx, N. Y.
 25 East 213 St., Bronx, N. Y.
 2343—28 St., Astoria, N. Y.
 1497 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 66-11—99 St., Forest Hills, N. Y.
 1220 Seneca Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 590 Morris Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 1500 Bryant Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 115 East Broadway, N. Y. C.
 185-01 Jamaica Ave., Hollis, N. Y.
 886 E. New York Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 1212 East 22 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 27 Fifth Ave., Bay Shore, L. I.
 1509 Brook Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 2301 Morris Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 517 Union Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 83 Shepard Ave., W. Englewood, N. J.
 2140 Clinton Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
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THE YEAR TO COME

Another year . . . a tougher year . . . but the clouds are beginning to break. Let none, however, relax the victory effort for an instant. Let us all be grateful that we, here, still enjoy the glorious privilege of a free and united people.

Let us strive, despite our wartime problems, to make this year ahead a happy one . . . and let us also do everything within our power to make it better and happier, too, for our staunch-hearted allies throughout the world.

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EDITORS, APOTHEKAN



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